

The Eye of The Triforce~*~Chapter One

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Category: Legend of Zelda

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-20 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-20 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:42:31

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,745

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It all starts when a girl falls out of a tree (The first chapter of my first fanfic. Please read the preface first!)

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Alanna sat in the top of an oak tree clinging onto its branches for dear life. She had never realized that this tree was so high! How could ever have climbed up here so thoughtlessly?! Why had she even come up here in the first place? Her vision began to go blurry with tears. She had always been terrified of heights and she knew it. If that stupid skull kid hadn't thrown her shoe up into this tree and then left without even having the courtesy to get it down. . . . Now here she was, hopelessly stuck in the branches of the looming oak and hopelessly sobbing. If she wasn't so embarrassed about her fear, she might have called for help. Of course, who would have heard her? No one ever went into the Lost Woods anymore. That was precisely why she had come here. She could use a little peace and quiet once in awhile. Oh well, she'd just have to climb down herself. Pushing a lock of lavender hair behind her ear and drying her eyes, she looked down through the tree's branches trying to find a path to the bottom. Alanna shifted to another branch to get a better view, wincing as the tree creaked under her weight.

She heard a twig snap about a foot away. Was there someone else in the forest? Suddenly a figure appeared at the bottom of the tree. He

looked up at her curiously through the maze of tree branches. For while, it seemed like hours to her, he just stared up at her. She stared right back at the boy. "Boy" was probably not a very accurate assessment of him, but he looked so childish, peering into the branches. After awhile, Alanna started to feel very uncomfortable. In an irritated tone, she shouted down to him. "Don't you know it's rude to stare?" she said. "Haven't you ever seen a girl before?" The boy looked startled at this. "Yes, I can talk," Alanna snapped, even more irritated with him. When the boy still didn't respond, she decided to ignore him and started, slowly and very shakily, to climb down.

"Do you need some help?" he offered, after watching her slow progress. He must have noticed her shakiness, because he sounded like he was about to laugh.

"I'll be perfectly fine on my own, thank you," she retorted. Alanna had never been good about accepting help. She preferred to do things her way, on her own and without the help of meddling boys in ridiculous outfits. She continued with her climbing.

The boy didn't say anything the rest of the time while she was climbing down. Alanna was feeling very proud of herself for making it within ten feet from the bottom without falling, when the branch she was standing on broke. Desperately, she tried to grab one of the branches as she fell.

Just as she was sure she would fall to the forest floor and meet her doom, the boy caught her. He looked down at Alanna grinning, as if he knew it would happen all along. Furious at his amusement, she jumped out of his arms onto the ground and began brushing the twigs and leaves off her dress. "I could have made it myself you know," she said, pulling the last leaf off her skirt.

"Well, you looked pretty desperate up there," he remarked, pulling a brown twig out of her hair.

She resisted the urge to push him away. "So what are you doing here?" she asked, wanting to change the subject. She didn't enjoy being discussed, behind her back or otherwise.

Alanna took a small step back when the boy pulled out a "sword," which actually looked like a very large dagger with a brown hilt, and began swiping at invisible enemies in the air. Right then he looked like a very small child, playing at rescuing princesses and fighting terrible monsters. "Looking for adventure," he declared.

Oh brother, thought Alanna, _a hero wanna-be. He thinks he's so great._ Out loud, she replied sarcastically, "Oh really?" She quickly ducked as the boy made an obviously fake but near pass at her with his sword. "If you want adventure, what are you doing here? Nothing ever happens in this forest. No one ever comes here unless they're crazy."

"And what would that make you?" said the boy, doing a turn in the air so she couldn't see the mischievous grin she knew was on his face.

Alanna, humiliated at letting herself get trapped so easily in her own words, began to look for a way out. _Or a way to get him out, she thought, Why do I always get myself stuck in these situations?_

She heard a noise and looked up. "What?" she stammered when she realized that the boy had been speaking to her.

"Geez," he said, putting his hands on his hips, "I just asked what your name was."

"Um . . . uh . . . my name. . . ." she stammered, still startled.

"You sure aren't very smart," he interjected, "You probably don't even know what your name is."

"I do too!" she snapped back, "It's Alanna, and yours, genius?"

He planted his sword into the ground. "My name is Link, Hero of Time," he proclaimed.

Alanna eyed him skeptically. Ever since she was a young girl, she had been told the legend of the Hero of Time. She remembered sitting on her bed, when she was about six, asking her mother to tell her again of the hero.

Her mother would always smile and pull out the large book, Hyrulian Legends, that she kept on the shelf next to Alanna's bed. "Long ago," she would read, "the three goddesses descended from the heavens and created Hyrule. Each used her own unique talents to shape our world. Din, with her flaming arms and power, created the land, with its hills and valleys. Farore, with her infinite wisdom, gave the world law and order. Nayru, with her courageous heart, created life on this planet. She made the Hylians, the Zoras, even the Gorons.

"When the goddesses left this world, they gave Hyrule their final gift. At the point where they ascended to the heavens appeared three golden triangles, which we call the Triforce. Each one contains some of the goddesses' power. Anyone who holds these triangles will have unlimited power, for good or evil. If someone with a pure heart holds the triangles, Hyrule will be full of peace and happiness. Should someone with an evil heart ever hold them, then Hyrule will be drowned in chaos and war.

"The royal family guards the sacred Triforce, keeping it from evil. But one day, it will fall into evil hands. Our land will become dark and full of evil. It will continue for years and years. The only one who can stop it is the destined Hero of Time. He will pull forth the mighty sword of good, the Master Sword, from its resting place and with it he will vanquish the evil forces and return our land to peace."

Recently, this legend had come true. Almost seven years ago, an evil man, named Gannondorf, had obtained the Triforce and taken over Hyrule Castle. Alanna wasn't exactly sure who had defeated the evil holder of the Triforce. She thought the legends had said that the Hero of Time would be a man, not a boy her own age, about 13 years old, as this boy seemed to be. No, she decided. This boy couldn't be the Hero of Time. She scolded herself for even considering the idea. Choosing to ignore his arrogant imaginings, she said, "I'd better be going. It's getting late." Glancing up at the sky, she realized how true this was. It was growing dark. It must be at least six and her mother would be serving dinner soon.

"You sure you won't get lost?" Link said, grinning.

"I'm positive," she replied. In truth, she wasn't very sure at all. These woods were very hard to navigate, especially at night. Monsters that usually hid in caves during the day came out at night. She shivered at the thought. Meeting that skull kid was enough trouble for the day. Not wanting to press her luck more than she had to, she turned away from the boy and began to walk in the direction that she had come from. Behind her, she could hear the boy, mumbling about how rude some people were as he marched off in the other direction.

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Alanna shivered as a cold wind blew through the tree above her. Peering at the ebony sky, she realized that she had been out in the woods for hours. With a sigh, she admitted to herself that she truly was lost. It was hopeless. For the second time that day, she fought the rivers of tears that ached to pour down her face. Rubbing her hands together for warmth, she began to search for shelter for the night.

After wandering through the dark, foreboding woods for nearly half an hour, she finally found a place to rest. It was a cave, unused for quite sometime, for several years worth of vine growth covered the entrance. Alanna never would have recognized it were it not for the cold wind, which had rustled the vines long enough for her to realize it was an entrance. Pulling the vines apart with her hands, she stepped inside. Here was more evidence of the cave's age. The corners were covered in cobwebs. Spiders crawled across the floor. The air smelled stale. Yawning, she carefully walked over the floor, looking for a spot to settle in that was not covered in so much dust as the rest of the cave.

She soon realized that it was not one cave that she had wandered into, but a whole cave system. One cave led to another and that led to three more. She began to feel more lost inside her shelter than she had out in the Lost Woods. Grimacing at her plight, she bedded down for the night in the middle of a large chamber. She hardly cared how dusty the floor was anymore. It had been an exhausting and terrible day; all she wanted was to escape to the safety of her dreams.

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